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MUSIC.

Musical fare is rather scarce this week, as there has been no concert nor any publication from the Dublin press.

It appears that some difference on a point of etiquette has occurred between Hummel and the Philharmonic Society of London, which prevented him from performing at their concerts: those which he has given on his own account have proved highly productive. Mlle. Sontag has been at Berlin, where she first acquired so great musical fame; and is said to be on her way to Pittsburgh and Moscow.

Mr. Pixes, the piano-forte performer, has become a dramatic composer, and produced a new opera at Paris, called *Bibiana*, which met with but partial success.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates concluded an unproductive engagement at our theatre on Tuesday last. They have been succeeded by the Elephant, who has returned for two nights, and makes her final obeisance this evening. We perceive that Madame Vestris is announced for Monday next, when she is to appear as Letitia Hardy, in the Belles Stratagem, and Apollo, in Midas. Although this lady is deservedly a favourite, we fear that as an individual "star," her efforts will prove unattractive, unless supported by other talent, (of which there is a great deficiency at present in the company,) but we trust it will be forthcoming before the week terminates. At all events, it is indispensable that the orchestra should be improved.

Drury-lane theatre will close for the season on the 14th, and Covent Garden on the 15th of this month.

Taglioni, from the Parisian theatres, has been delighting the lovers of dancing by her performances at the King's theatre in London, where she appeared on Thursday week, for Laporte's benefit. She is a very great favourite with the French; and the English journals also speak of her in a highly laudatory strain.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Last Monday being Trinity-munday, the vacant scholarships, twelve in number, were filled up by the Board of our University. The following are the names of the successful candidates, arranged according to the order of their answering:

William Pollock,	} on eight best marks.
Hugh Hamilton,	
Eugene Finn,	
Christopher Rapiere,	
John Maguire,	
Robert Graves,	
Launcelot Studdert,	} on seven best marks.
Popham,	
Daniel Flinn,	
James Miller,	
Michael Collins,	
James Murphy.	
	} on six best marks.

Composition formed a feature in the scholarship examination this year for the first time. The plan adopted was, to give each candidate a portion of Baker's *Livy* to turn into Latin. On Wednesday twelve vacant scholars' places were filled up: the names are on the College gate.

TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH EPIGRAM IN OUR LAST.

The one outstrips, the other lags behind
The flight of time; fair Zee as draws nigh
Our strutting hour; I fix my impatient eye
On this—but when our monitor unkind
Bids me depart, to the other I appeal,
And claim those moments unexpired as yet:
Forgive then, dearest, that by fond deceit
The swiftness from Time's foot I fain would steal,

SHAHIR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A BACHELOR'S BALLAD,

For the Dublin Literary Gazette.

(By a very celebrated Literary Character.)

ADIEU, ADIEU, BELIEVING!

I can't believe, I don't believe;
But why should that provoke
A moment's rage, a minute's mirth
In sober worldly folk?
It cost me once an income vast
In hoping, loving, fearing,
I found my heart would very fast
To bankruptcy be veering,
So I shut up the bank one day
My creditors all leaving,
And sang—as fast I fled away—
"Adieu—adieu, believing!"

I once maintained a troop of friends,
And paid their pension duly
In services and kind regards,
And thought they loved as truly;—
They wore the livery of the heart
(Bright crimson cuff'd with amber,)
I thought they would not soon depart
Or if they did—remember;—
Their barrack-room my heart was long,
Till one by one deceiving,
I found them gone, and sang my song,
—“Adieu, adieu, believing!”

I loved a lady—nay indeed
I loved a baker's dozen,
From Lady Blanche I never saw,
To Eleanor my cousin;
I loved them in and out of town,
And through all change of weather,
When sitting in a morning gown,
Or decked in flower or feather;—
They danced with me and heard my vow,
Then turned me off to grieving,
I took my hat and made my bow,
But said—"Adieu, believing!"

My old rich aunt died Lady-day
And left me all her money,
And *that* from scandal takes the gill
And gives to love the honey;—
My “forty thieves” are all come back
And say they love me dearly,
The ladies take the self-same track
And smile as once—or nearly;—
I dine the men as heretofore,
And with the maids go weaving
Quadrille and waltz—but nevermore,
No, never more—believing.

But still, a light has left the world,
A nameless sort of treasure,
As if one plucked the crimson heart
From out the rose of pleasure;
I could forgive the fate that made
Me poor and young to-morrow,
To have again the soul that played
So tenderly in sorrow,—
So buoyantly in happiness,—
Ay—I would brook deceiving,
And even the deceiver bless,
To know again—believing.

THE EXULTING LOVER.

(By the late Authoress of *Cœur-de-Lion*.)

COMMUNICATED BY ROSENKRANZ.

I.

Powers of harmony and love,
Let me now your accents borrow;
Aid my trembling voice to prove,
Joy has sweeter notes than sorrow.
The stars are bright,
Thro' the wintry night,
And the river may shine in the moon's cold gleam;
But the linnet's lay,
Hails the sun's warm ray,
And the queen of the garden expands to his beam.

II.

Long did the jealous skies refuse
The tender bud of love to nourish:
Now warmer suns and kindly dew,
Shall bid its timid beauty flourish.
For hope to her bower
Takes the tender flower,
Where whirlwinds or tempests shall scatter it never:
But her magic wand,
As the leaves expand,
Shall fix them in beauty, to blossom for ever.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Air—"The last of Summer."

'Tis the first rose of summer
That blushing steals forth,
Still doubtful, and fearing
The blight of the North;
Her sister-buds cower,
Beneath on the stem,
While you lone one is smilng
In fragrance o'er them.

I'll not pluck thee, young rose-bud,—
Nor mar thy fresh bloom;—
Soon yon dark cloud may wrap thee
In coldness and gloom:
Then bask while thou mayst;
In the bright sun's warmth,
And dream of light dew-drops
And blue skies the while.

So 'n life's sunny morning
Spreads forth Hope's fair flow'r,
How soon to be blighted
In sorrow's drear hour!—
Still, while Friendship smiles o'er it,
And joy brightens round,
May no demon's dark malice,
To blight it be found!

T. C. D.

Mc.

The title and the verses of this pretty little song have suggested to us some classical recollections; perhaps the following may be new to most of our readers:

Siderum sacros imitata vultus
Quid latet dudum rosa? Dehaec sum
Efferre terris caput. O temptis
Filiae celi.
Jam tibi nubes fugient aquose
Quas fugant albis Zephyri quadrige;
Quam tibi mulcet Boream jocantes
Aura Favoni.
Jam licet nymphas trepide fugentes
Insequi, lento pede detinendas;
Et labris capte, simulantes irans
Oscula figi.

Καὶ τὸ ροδοῦ καλοῦ εἴτι, καὶ ὁ χρυσός τουτοῦ με-
[ρανή]
Καὶ τὸ ιοῦ καλοῦ εἴτι βίσπη, καὶ ταχὺ υπάρ-
Λευκού το κριτού εἴτι, μεραριτατούσια πικτή.
Α δι χιώ λευκά, καὶ ταχύταις μικρὰ παχύν.
Καὶ καλλος καλοῦ εἴτι το μελίδοις, αλλ
[ελίσσεις ζητι.

LOVE AMONG THE NETTLES.

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT DISASTER.

Oft have I gazed upon the rose,
And eke have felt the thorn;
But ne'er midst nettles poked my nose
Before, since I was born.

R. S.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

We announced some time ago, that Mr. Johns, of Credition is about to publish a poem, entitled "The Pyramids;" the following extract from the "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy," will explain the views with which this curious subject has been regarded. "They are the tombs of Cheops and Gephren, says the Grecian; they are the tombs of Seth and Enoch, says the wild and imaginative Arabian. One thing you know—that the chief and the philosopher, and the poet, of the times of old, men who mark fields and they pass with their own mighty names, have been here; that Alexander has spurred his war-horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot has probably stood upon its summit."—S. & L. p. 158. The Poem is to be published by subscription. The Lay of the Desert, a poem, in two cantos, by Henry Sewell Stokes, will shortly be published. Charles Lear, the author of Essays by Elia, is preparing for publication a Volume of Poems under the title of *Album Verses*. The Cook's Dictionary, by Richard Dolby, of the Thatched House Tavern. Six new Lectures on Painting, by the late Henry Fuseli.

We perceive that Mr. Chancellor of Dublin was on Monday last adjudged the large medal and the highest prize, by the London Society of Arts, for his newly-invented clock escapement.